THE

OUSIAD.

CANTO V.

AND LAST.

By *PETER PINDAR*, Esq.

Finis coronat Opus.

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ARGUMENT.

The humane Petition of the PRINCESS ROYAL—*His M——y's rebukeful Reply, full of Grandeur, and favourable to the Wig intereſt—The* PRINCESS *retires—As ſublime a Compariſon as ever entered the head of man, as* ADDISON *ſaid of his* Angel-*ſimile in his* famous *and long-forgotten Campaign—The* PRINCESS AUGUSTA *petitioneth with equal ſucceſs—A moſt beautiful Compariſon alſo on the occaſion—The* BARD *again addreſſeth the* MUSE—*The* COOKS *turn rank Cowards, as well as their Wives and Daughters, overpowered by the Blaze of* MAJESTY, *and a golden Coat—A Bible* Simile—*A ſenſible Exclamation of the* POET, *on the unexpected Cowardice of the Cooks—A fine Weſt-Indian Compariſon—The* POET *pathetically mourneth over the gradual Decay of* ROYALTY—*The impudent and fooliſh Speech of the Mob in regard to* ROYALTY *and the* GREAT—*The* POET's *ſhort and judicious Reflexion on the Speech of the* MOB—*The* COOK-MAJOR's *pathetic Speech to the* KING—MADAM SCHWELLENBERG *moſt ſcornfully and angrily replieth to the* COOK-MAJOR's *Speech—Another* GREAT LADY's *Speech, compoſed of leſs acrimony than* MADAM SCHWELLENBERG's—*His M——y adviſeth the Cooks to be quietly ſhaved, and promiſeth them Wigs* gratis—DAME AVARICE *remonſtrateth to M——y on the folly of the* Preſent *of Wigs, with ſtrong and economical reaſons—* DAME AVARICE *abuſeth ſome of the* QUALITY; *and applaudeth her M——y for the many inſtances of her* ſaving *Powers—His M——y becometh a Convert to the Speech of* DAME AVARICE—*The* POET's *fine Reflexion on Generoſity—His M——y* ordereth *the Cooks to be ſeated for the* SHAVE—*The K— ſpeaketh Marvels in favour of Majeſty—Deep Reflexions of the* POET *on* AMBITION, *with the various Examples of her Power—The* COOKS at length *ſubmit to be* ſhaved—*An American Compariſon on the occaſion,* perhaps *not pleaſing to* certain GREAT PEOPLE!—*The* POET *addreſſeth the* MUSE *on the want of a* Battle, *ſo neceſſary to an* EPIC POEM—*The* POET, *glorying*

in

in Honour, refuſeth to make a Battle where there was none; proclaiming at the ſame time his ability, *were a Battle neceſſary—His* M——Y *exulteth in his Victory over the Cooks—His* M——Y *endeavoureth to prove by* aſſertion *the* Property *of the* Louse—*Alſo the Certainty of its being a* real Louſe, *by his great acquaintance with Natural Hiſtory —The* K—, *in his great juſtice,* ſhoweth *the little* Animal, *by way of conviction—The* Poet *exhibiting* biblical *and* claſſical *Knowledge in an Account of Animals that have* ſpoken, *in order to reconcile the Reader's revolting mind to the Speech of the* Louse—*The* Louse ſpeechifieth, *and giveth a wonderful Hiſtory of* Himſelf, *his* Family, *and* Misfortune—Louse *proveth the ſuperior Antiquity of his* Race *to that of* Kings—*The* K---, *in wrath, giveth* Louse *the* lie, *and endeavoureth his deſtruction—*Zephyr, *trembling at his danger, ſuddenly beareth him off to the celeſtial Region; and, after twice changing his mind, converteth him into a* Star, *diſcovered ſoon after by the* Great Doctor Herschell, *and his Spy-Glaſs, which, in compliment to his* Majesty, *the* Doctor *baptized the* Georgium Sidus!!!

THE

LOUSIAD.

CANTO V.

NOW, with the ſweeteſt lips that love inſpire,
The PRINCESS ROYAL thus addreſs'd her —— :
" O Sir, for once attend a daughter's pray'r—
" Reſtrain your fury from your people's hair :
" A thouſand bleſſings will their mouths beſtow,
" And ev'ry heart with gratitude o'erflow :

" For *ſuch* a vict'ry, who would give a fig?

" Pray, Sir, don't make them wear a naſty wig."

Such ſounds, ſo ſweet, nay ſo divinely broke,

As might have mollified the ſturdy oak,

Were doom'd, in vain, on royal ears to fall!

Yet *Muſic* drove the Devil out of *Saul!*

To HER the ——, with moſt aſtoniſh'd eyes,

And ſurly wrinkled brows ſo ſtern, replies:

" What, what? not ſhave 'em, ſhave 'em, now they're *caught?*

" What! have this pretty hubbub all for *nought?*

" No, no, girl; no, girl; no, girl; no, girl—no—

" Beg on till doomſday, girl—it ſhan't be ſo.

" How, how, pray, would it look, how, how, pray, look?

" People would ſwear I could not ſhave a *Cook.*

" *You*

" *You* call wigs *naſty*, Miſs? Fine ſpeech, indeed!

" Don't, don't you ſee I've one upon my head?

" Go back, go back, MISS PERT," he bluntly cried;

Then with his elbow puſh'd the nymph aſide:

Although he did not box her lovely ears,

He drown'd the radiance of her eye with tears.

Far from the wrathful —— the MAID withdrew,

And veil'd her modeſt beauties from his view.

Thus when the virgin MORN her bluſhes ſpreads,

And paints with pureſt ray the mountain heads;

Behold, thoſe bluſhes ſo divine to ſhroud,

The ſurly BOREAS gathers ev'ry cloud;

Bids the huge phalanx ſeek the ſmiling Eaſt,

And blot the luſtre of her crimſon veſt:

From

From pole to pole extends the black'ning band;
Cloud preſſing cloud, obeys his rude command:
In tears ſhe moves away, the heav'nly MAID,
And leaves him Monarch of the mighty ſhade.

Now o'er his lofty ſhoulder, with a ſigh,
The fair AUGUSTA caſt a pitying eye;
And whiſper'd, ah! ſo ſoft, ſo ſweet a pray'r,
To ſave from razor-rage the heads of hair!
When lo, the —— !
"What, *you* too, Miſs, petition for a knave?
"You, you, too, Miſs, an enemy to *ſhave*?"

Mute was the Maid; when lo, with modeſt looks,
Diſtreſs'd, ſhe ſhrunk away from —— and Cooks:

Thus,

Thus, o'er a ſhould'ring cloud the Moon ſo bright
Oft gives a peep of momentary light;
Much as to ſay, "I wiſh my ſmiles to grant,
"To cheer you darkling mortals, but I can't."
Sing, heav'nly Goddess, how the Cooks behav'd,
Who ſwore they'd all be d—n'd ere they'd be ſhav'd;
Who penn'd to Majesty the bold petition,
And daring fum'd with rebel oppoſition!

Cow'd, cow'd, alas! the Lords of ſaucepans feel—
Each heart ſo val'rous ſunk into the heel:
And then, each threat'ning Amazonian Dame,
Her ſpirit drooping, and extinct her flame—
For lo, of —— the pow'rful blaze,
His coat's bright gold, and eyeball's rolling gaze,

Juſt like the light that cover'd ſad SAINT PAUL,
Flaſh'd on their viſages, and ſmote them all!
Who could have thought that things would thus have ended?
FATE ſeemingly a dreadful craſh intended!
Such ſtately reſolution in the Cooks,
Such fierce demeanour in their ſpouſes looks!
But thus in Weſtern India Jove ordains
At times an aſpect wild of hurricanes:
Dark grows the ſky, with gleams of threat'ning red:
All nature dumb, the ſmalleſt zephyr dead—
Bird, beaſt, and mortal, trembling, pauſing, ſtill,
Expectant of the tempeſt's mighty will:
Tremendous pauſe! when lo, by ſmall degrees,
Light melts the maſs; with life returns the breeze;

And DANGER, on his cloud, who ſcowl'd diſmay,
Moves ſullen with his threat'ning glooms away.

There Royalty ſucceeded; but, alas!
In foreign climes this gold will ſcarcely paſs.
Sorry am I indeed, and griev'd to hear,
That Royalty is falling from its ſphere;
WAR's mighty *firſt-rate* dwindling to a *ſkiff*;
The knees of ADORATION waxing ſtiff,
That bent ſo pliantly to *folk* of State—
Cock-turkey GRANDEUR verging to his fate.
But thus exclaims the Mob:— "In folly far,
" Folk deem'd a beam from bogs a falling ſtar,
" And fancied thunder, all ſo dread, ador'd,
" The voice tremendous of an anger'd Lord;

" The

" The lightning his ſwift vengeance—never dreaming
" That mortals, ever poring, ever ſcheming,
" Should find that in a phial they ſhould lock it,
" And bear Heav'n's vengeance in their breeches pocket.
" See France! lo, HOMAGE much has loſt her awe,
" And *bluſhes* now to kiſs the LION's paw:
" Nay, dares to fancy (an old rebel jade)
" Emp'rors and thrones of *like* materials made;
" Nay, fancy too (on bold rebellion's brink)
" That ſubjects have a right to *ſpeak* and *think*;
" Revileth ——, for praiſe and wonder born;
" Calleth crowns *fool caps*, that their heads adorn;
" And ſacred ſceptres, which we *here adore*,
" *Mean picklocks* for the houſes of the *Poor*.—

" Thus

" Thus CURIOSITY no longer ſprings,

" And wide-mouth'd WONDER gapes no more at Kings."

Heavens! if EQUALITY all ranks confounds,

No more ſhall we be whiſtled to like hounds;

FREEDOM will talk to Kings in dauntleſs tone,

And female MAJESTY be juſt *plain* JOAN!

Now taking courage to his honeſt breaſt,

His hand the MAJOR energetic preſs'd;

Cloth'd with humility's mild beam his eye,

He thus addreſs'd the ——— with a ſigh:—

" O ——! you've call'd me an old fool, to whine:

" But I'm not *old*—ſtill many a year is mine;

" So white, as though from *Time*, my temples grow,

" INGRATITUDE's cold hand hath form'd their ſnow—

" Grief dims theſe eyes, and whitens every hair;

" And, lo, my wrinkles are the tracks of *care!*

" To tread LIFE's wild, unwounded by a thorn,

" Was ne'er the lucky lot of woman-born.

" Man ſhould be kind to man, O beſt of ——,

" And try to blunt the ills that NATURE brings;

" Not bid the cup of bitterneſs o'erflow,

" And to her thouſands add *another woe.*

" Ah! if a *trifle* can a ſmile employ,

" How cruel, Sir, to *kill* the infant joy!

" How faint of happineſs the ſcatter'd ray,

" That cheers of life, alas! the little day;

" While CARE and SORROW's imp-like hoſt invade,

" And fill a ſighing univerſe with ſhade!

" Then bid your noble indignation ceaſe,

" And ſuffer our poor locks to reſt in peace."

He ended.—Now, with ſcorn ſo keen inſpir'd,
And anger, uninvited, undeſir'd,
Did MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, devoid of grace,
O'er the ——'s ſhoulder poke her cat-like face;
And thus: "Mine Got den—vat a ſaucy vretch!
"How cleberly dis poor old fella preach!
"Bring him de polepit—dat he ſal be pote in—
"JAN beat de Mettodiſſes all as notin."

Now ſpoke the SPOUSE of our moſt *glorious* —,
Who deem'd a louſe a very naſty thing;
For *folk* of Strelitz are ſo neat and clean,
They think on vermin with abhorrent mien!
For cleanlineſs ſo much in Strelitz thrives,
Folks never ſaw a louſe in all their lives.

"Mine

" Mine Gote! 'mong men an women, an de boys,

" Dis ſhave indeed make very pretty noiſe!

" Goote Gote! make rout about a leetel hair!

" Wig be de faſhion—DIXON, take de ſhair—

" Sheet down, and don't make hubbub ſhuſt like pig:

" Dere's noting terrible about a wig.

" Mine Gote! de tremblin fellow ſeem afred,

" As if we put a tiger 'pon his head—

" De *Ladies* now wear wig upon der crown;

" So ſheet you down, JAN DIXON, ſheet you down.

" Cook tell his —- and —- he von't be ſhave!

" Egote! de Englis don't know how behave!

" Let Cook ſay ſo in Strelitz, ah! mine Gote!

" Dere would be ſoldiers dat would cut der troat.

" You

" You know dat King an Queen, you rebel, JAN,
" Can cut your head off in a moment, man—
" Lord! den, you may be tankfull dat we *ſpare*,
" An only cut off goote-for-notin hair.
" You know dat in our hiſtory you read,
" How King of Englond cut off ſubjects head!"—
Now ſilence broke the —: " Sit down, ſit down!
" Come, come, let every barber take his crown;
" I'll ſhow ſome mercy, t'ye, ye naſty pigs;
" For mind, mind, mind, I'll *pay* for all the wigs!"

At theſe laſt words, forth crawl'd an ANCIENT DAME,
Sharp-nos'd, half ſtarv'd, and AVARICE her name;
With wrinkled neck, and parchment-like to view,
That e'en the coarſeſt kerchief ſeldom knew;

With hawk-like eyes that gliſten'd o'er her gold,
And, raptur'd, ev'ry hour her treaſure told;
Who of her fingers form'd a comb ſo fair,
And with a garter filletted her hair;
Who fiercely ſnatch'd, with wild devouring eyes,
An atom of brown ſugar from the flies;
Made a ſad candle from a dab of fat,
And ſtole a ſtinking fiſhhead from a cat;
Saves of the muſtieſt bread the crumbs, and ſees
A dinner in the *ſcrapings* of a cheeſe:
Whiffing a ſtump of pipe, a frequent treat,
That gives the ſtomach ſmoke, poor thing, for meat:—
Forth hobbled this old Dame, with ſhaking head,
Like, in her crooked form, the letter *zed*—

The Palace-watch, and guardian moſt ſevere
Of drops of dying and of dead ſmall-beer:
A Dame who hated idle dogs and cats,
And trembled at a rompus of the rats;
Nay, liſten'd, jealous of a ſcratching mouſe,
Afraid the imp might ſwallow the whole houſe:
The province hers, to ſell old palace ſhoes,
Old hats, old coats, and breeches to the Jews;
And drive, with dog-like fury, from the door,
The plaintive murmurs of the famiſh'd Poor:
The Dame who bade the great Sir Francis ſell
The ſacred Pulpit, and the good old Bell!*

Forth

* Sir Francis Drake. Verily this is a fact. The Baronet lately diſpoſed of the Pulpit and Bell of the old Chapel at Nutwell, in Devonſhire, built by his immortal anceſtor. The annual intereſt of four ſhillings was too faſcinating to be withſtood!

Forth hobbled SHE, and, in a quick ſhrill tone,
Thus to the King of Nations ſpoke the Crone:—
" God bleſs us, Sir, why give me leave to ſay,
" Your —— is throwing things away!
" What! give the fellows wigs for every head!
" A piece of rare extravagance indeed!
" Let them *buy* wigs *themſelves*, a dirty crew!
" An't pleaſe your ——, what's that to you?
" *You* buy the raſcals wigs, indeed, ſo nice!
" It only gives encouragement to lice.
" Marry come up, indeed, I ſay—new wigs!
" No—let them *ſuffer* for't, the naſty pigs!
" Lord! they can well afford it—Sir, their hair
" Coſts (Heav'n protect us!) what would make you ſtare,

" Hours

" Hours in the barber's hands, forſooth, they ſit,

" Reading the news-papers, and books of wit!

" Juſt like our men of quality, forſooth,

" Each full-ag'd gentleman, and dapper youth!

" *Newmarket* now, and now the *Nation* ſtudying,

" In clouds of flour ſufficient for a pudding.

" Lord! what extravagance I ſee and hear!

" Unlike your Majeſty, and Madam there,

" Our GREAT conſume and ſquander, fling away—

" 'Tis rout and hubbub—ſpend, ſpend, night and day!

" Such racketting, that people's peace deſtroys,

" As if the world was only made for noiſe.

" Would ev'ry Ducheſs copy our good Queen,

" More money in their purſes would be ſeen;

" Her —— to *things* can condeſcend,

" Which our fine Quality, with noſe an end,

" Behold with *ſuch* contempt, and *ſuch* a grin,

" As though a little ſaving was a ſin!

" Her ——, God bleſs her! does not ſcorn

" To ſee a ſtocking and a ſhoe *well worn*;

" To mend, or darn, or clean a luteſtring gown,

" So mock'd, indeed, by all the Great in town.

" Her —— at Frogmore*, day and night,

" Can to their labour keep her Pupils tight;

" See that to Milliners no trifle goes,

" That may be done beneath her own great noſe.

" Her

* A Farm near Windſor, where a parcel of young women, the *Protégées* of Majeſty, are conſtantly employed in working Beds, and very well know the meaning of the phraſe—" Working one's fingers to the ſtumps."

" Her —— can buy a hat, or cloak,

" In ſhops, indeed, as cheap as *common folk*:

" She will not be impos'd upon, ſhe ſays—

" O what a good example for *our* days!

" When PRUDENCE dictates, lo, no pride ſhe feels:

" Could order ſhoes to come with *copper* heels.

" Yes, —— could nobly pride renounce,

" And make a handſome *jacket* of a *flounce*;

" 'Stead of *lawn gauze*, deſcend to humble *crape*,

" And, 'ſtead of *ribbon*, draw a gown with *tape*;

" Turn hats to bonnets, by her prudence led,

" And clean a tarniſh'd ſpangled ſhoe with bread;

" A gown's worn ſleeve from *long* to *ſhort* devote,

" And into pockets cut an upper coat;

" Cut

" Cut ſhifts to night-caps, ſatin cloaks to muffs,

" And calmly frill groat ribbons into ruffs:

" Bleſt with the rareſt economic wits,

" Transform an old ſilk ſtocking into *mits*;

" Transform too (ſo convertible are things!)

" E'en flannel petticoats to caps for ——.

" And then your ——, whom God long keep!

" How fond, indeed, of every thing that's *cheap!*

" 'Beſt is beſt cheap'— you very wiſely cry;

" And ſo, an't pleaſe your Majeſty, ſay I.

" Lord bleſs us! why ſhould people ſpend and riot,

" When people can *ſo ſave* by living quiet?

" Give to the *Poor*, forſooth! a rare exploit!

" Catch what you can, and never *give* a doit.

" To

" To SAVING, every one ſhould go to ſchool—

" To my mind, GENEROSITY's a fool.—

" *Give*, Sir, no wigs to Cooks; for, as I ſay,

" 'Tis kindneſs and good money flung away."

Thus ended AVARICE, at laſt, her ſpeech,

With praiſe of —— and ——, and ſaving, rich.

Such words, deliver'd with a ſolemn air,

Gave to the —— of men's great eye a ſtare.

" Right, right, 'tis very right," the —— cries,

And on his millions rolls his mental eyes—

" Right, MISTRESS AVARICE, right, right, indeed!

" I won't buy wigs for every naſty head;

" No, no, they'll ſave it, ſave it, as you ſay—

" I won't, I won't, I won't fling pence away!"

Here let us pauſe again, and think how hard
That good intentions ſhould be quickly marr'd!
Ah! GENEROSITY's a tender plant,
Its root ſo weakly, and its bearings ſcant!
SELF-LOVE, too near it, robs it of each ray,
And thirſty ſucks the rills of life away.
Vile weed! (like docks in coarſeſt ſoil which ſtart)
That thriveth in the cold and flinty heart.—
"Come, come, ſit down," the ——— deign'd to rave;
"Cooks, Cooks, ſit down—Come, Barbers, ſhave, ſhave,
"ſhave.
"Yes, yes, I think 'tis right, 'tis right and juſt—
"Indeed you muſt be ſhav'd—you muſt, you muſt:
"Cooks muſt not over their ſuperiors tow'r—
"We muſt, muſt ſhow the world that we have pow'r."

Thus, by Ambition fir'd, the —— ended

A ſpeech to be tranſcended, but not mended.

What diff'rent roads to Fame, Ambition takes!

What hubbub in this under-world ſhe makes!

Ambition, the Queen-paſſion of the ſoul!

Ev'n Love, ſweet Love, indeed, has leſs controul.

Ambition makes the *wiſe* a *fool* at Court;

Ambition drowns an Alderman in port;

Ambition ſpurs our Great in plays to ſpout—

Spurr'd Sir John Dick to gain a ſtar by *Croute*;

Bade Lady Mary for a eunuch ſigh,

And Richmond unto battles turn his eye,

To beam the cynoſure of Bagſhot wars,

And give Posterity a Britiſh Mars.

AMBITION bade four JOHNSON lick the throne,
And blink at ev'ry merit but his own;
BOSWELL with praiſe a Hottentot beſmear,
And give his country up to lead a Bear.
AMBITION bade SIR WILL make new, old jugs,
And bake an immortality in mugs:
Bade round the world the fam'd SIR JOSEPH float,
To kiſs QUEEN OBEREA in the boat;
And ſpurs him now his blood's laſt drop to ſhed,
In queſt of butterflies without a head.
AMBITION nobly ſpurr'd the — of MEN
To walk through HERSCHELL's tube, and back agen;
A deed whoſe luſtre, ENVY muſt allow,
Deep plann'd at Windſor, and perform'd at *Slough!

AMBITION

* A village near Windſor, the reſidence of Dr. Herſchell.

Ambition ſpurr'd a Man of royal birth,
To humble Madam Schwellenberg to earth.
Thus, to the gardens of imperial Kew,
When Madam Schwellenberg, for health, withdrew,
And round the alleys of that fam'd abode,
Sweet ambling, jigging, on a Jackaſs rode;
Lo, ——— ſo ſly, with ſtick and pin,
Drove the ſharp miſchief through Jack's frighten'd ſkin!
At once the beaſt, with ſudden ſtart and bound,
Wild plunging, hurl'd the Lady to the ground;
Where, lo, *ſuch things* appear'd (her legs I mean)
As never ought by mortals to be ſeen;
Legs that ne'er ſaw, ye Gods! the ſun before!
Such legs! as ſet Great Cæsar in a *roar*.

Ambition bids the man of ropes, or figs,
Or fiſh, or braſs, or foolscap, peas, or pigs,
Sigh for the golden chain, and coach ſo fair;
In ſhort, to ſhine the City's ſun—Lord May'r!
Bleſt man! in pomp to viſit at St. James,
And pour his gilded barges on the Thames;
Devour with Nobles in th' Egyptian Hall,
And trip it with a Ducheſs at the ball!
Rich honours! but what pity my Lord May'r
Should loſe at length his chain and coach ſo fair,
And gorgeous gown, and wig, and bright attire,
And converſe ſweet of Lord, and Knight, and Squire,
Sheriffs and Councilmen, and Common Hunt;
To ſweat with candles, or with hogs to grunt;

Bid *wax*, for *greaſy mutton-lights*, adieu;

Drop wigs for nightcaps, robes for apron blue;

And quit of JUSTICE the celeſtial ſcales,

To weigh cheeſe, ſugar, tallow, or hobnails!

Inſtead of queſtions from the beſt of Kings,

On *ſolid* matters, conſequential things,

To hear a raggamuffin in his ſhop—

"Soap, Maſter Guttle, quick, a pound of ſoap!"

With ſuch a careleſs, broad, irrev'rent ſtare,

As though the chandler ne'er had been Lord May'r!—

But ſo it is—poor MERIT oft complains!

Bleſt is the mortal born with *Gooſe*'s brains!

What ſignifies the wiſdom of the ſchools,

If FORTUNE only will make love to *Fools*?—

Now to the Cooks, O wandering Muse, return;
For, lo, our readers with impatience burn!
Aw'd by the voice of —, and —, and Page,
And Madam Schwellenberg's relentleſs rage,
Down ſat the Cooks, amid a wond'ring hoſt;
The Barbers labour'd, and the locks were loſt!
Thus when Burgoyne, oppoſing all the fates,
Defied, at Saratoga, General Gates;
Sudden the Hero dropp'd his threat'ning fiſt,
And wiſely deem'd it folly to reſiſt;
Dropp'd in the Victor's arms (unlucky lot!)
And ſaw his legions ſink without a ſhot!—
Speak, heav'nly Goddeſs! was there then no fray,
No drops of blood effus'd to mark the day?

No fifty-duffs, no eyes as black as night,
No cat-like ſcratches, no revengeful bite?—
Nor fifty-cuffs, nor eyes as black as night,
Nor cat-like ſcratches, nor revengeful bite,
The Palace witneſs'd.—Thus the Muſe divine
Muſt cloſe, without one drop of blood, the line;
And readers, baulk'd of deeds of high renown,
Perhaps ſhall, grumbling for their money, frown.
What can we do, if FATE produc'd *no* fray?
The Poet dares not *make* a murd'rous day—
Should FALSEHOOD's tale my ſacred ſong defile,
Which damneth half th' hiſtorians of our Iſle;
How could I hold aloft my tuneful head,
Or proudly hope at doomſday to be read;

The glowing wiſh of every Son of Rhime,
To live a fav'rite to the end of time!
Yet nought were eaſier than to form a fray,
And bring a dozen Gods to aid the day—
Yet nought were eaſier than to raiſe a battle—
Make iron head-piece againſt head-piece rattle;
Nails nails oppoſe, and grinders grinders greet,
Noſe poke at noſe, and ſtomachs ſtomachs meet;
Wild-rolling eye-balls againſt eye-balls glare;
The duſty floor be ſtrew'd with teeth and hair;
Caps, petticoats, and kerchiefs, load the ground;
The trembling roofs with mingled cries reſound;
Legs of joint-ſtools, and chairs, their vengeance pour;
And blocks and mopſticks fly, a wooden ſhow'r;

Raiſe clamours equal to an Indian yell,

Tranſcended only by the cries of hell;

And bid old EREBUS, in ſulphur ſtrong,

Diſplay his flaming cauldron in our ſong.

Proud of the *Shave*, the — of Nations ſmil'd;

Nay, laugh'd triumphant, with his glory wild:

But ſtill, to ſhow his *juſtice*, thus he ſaid—

" Mind, mind me, Gentry with the ſhaven head:

" Know, know the Louſe belongs to ſome of *you*—

" It is a Louſe—it is —'tis very true:

" Yes, yes, belongs to ſome one of the houſe—

" I've read Bouffon—yes, yes, I know a louſe."

A pill-box then he ope'd, with eager look,

And ſhow'd the Crawler, to convince each Cook.

The long-ear'd beaſt of BALAAM, lo, we find,
Sharp to the beaſt that rode him, ſpoke his mind:
The mournful *Xanthus (ſays the Bard of old),
Of PELEUS' warlike ſon the fortune told:
Thus to the captive Louſe was language giv'n,
Which proves what int'reſt JUSTICE holds in Heav'n.
The Vermin, riſing on his little rump,
Like ladies' lap-dogs, that for muffin mump,
Thus, ſolemn as our Biſhops, when they preach,
Made, to the beſt of ——, his *maiden* ſpeech:
" Know, mighty ———, I was born and bred
" Deep in the burrows of a Page's head;
" There took I ſweet LOUSILLA unto wife,
" My ſoul's delight—the comfort of my life:
" But,

* The horſe of Achilles.

" But, on a day, your Page, Sir, dar'd invade
" Cowslip's ſweet lips, your faithful dairy-maid;
" Great was the ſtruggle for the ſhort-liv'd bliſs;
" At length he won the long-conteſted kiſs!—
" When, 'mid the ſtruggle, thus it came to paſs;
" Down dropp'd my wife and I upon the laſs;
" From whence we crawl'd (and who's without ambition?
" Who does not wiſh to *better* his condition?)
" To *You*, dread Sir, where, lo, we lov'd and fed,
" Charm'd with the fortune of a *greater* head;
" Where, ſafe from hail and comb, and bluſt'ring wind,
" We neſtled in your little lock behind;
" Where many a beauteous baby plainly proves,
" Heav'n, like a —'s, can bleſs a Louſe's loves;

" Where many a time, at Court, I've join'd your Grace,
" And with you gallop'd in the glorious chace;
" Lousilla, too, my children, and my nits,
" Juſt frighten'd ſometimes out of all their wits.
" It happen'd, Sir, ah! luckleſs, luckleſs day!
" I fooliſh took it in my head to ſtray—
" How many a father, mother, daughter, ſon,
" Are oft by curioſity undone!
" Dire wiſh I for, 'midſt my travels, urg'd by Fate,
" From you, O —, I fell upon your plate!
" Sad was the precipice!—and now I'm here,
" Far from Lousilla and my children dear!
" Who now, poor ſouls! in deepeſt mourning all,
" Groan for my preſence, and lament my fall.

" NITTILLA now, my eldeſt girl, with ſighs
" Bewails her father loſt, with ſtreaming eyes;
" And GRUBBINETTA, with the lovelieſt mien,
" In ſtate, in temper, and in form a queen;
" And ſturdy SNAP, my ſon, a child of grace,
" His father's image both in form and face;
" And DIGGORY, poor lad, and hopeful SCRATCH,
" Boys that LOUSILLA's foul was proud to hatch:
" And little NIBBLE, too, my youngeſt ſon,
" Will aſk his mother where his father's gone;
" Who (poor LOUSILLA!) only will reply
" With turtle moan, and tears in either eye.
" Thus, SIR, are you miſtaken all this while,
" And —— and Pages, that our race revile,

" As

" As though our ſpecies could not life adorn,
" And that th' ALMIGHTY made a louſe in *ſcorn*.
" Yet, if to Genealogy we go,
" The LOUSE is of the *elder houſe*, I trow.
" E'er God (ſo Moſes* ſays) did man create,
" Lo, our firſt parents walk'd the world in ſtate.
" Such is the hiſt'ry of your loyal LOUSE,
" Whoſe preſence breeds ſuch tumult in the houſe:
" Thus, Sir, you ſee no blame to Cooks belong;
" Thus ——, for *once*, is in the wrong!"

Thus, in the manly tones of FOX and PITT,
To ——, intrepid, ſpoke the SON OF NIT:

Firm

* The Louſe ſhows great biblical knowledge.

Firm in his language to the King of Wrath,
As little DAVID to the MAN OF GATH;
Ordain'd, in oratory, to ſurpaſs
The ſpeech—th' immortal ſpeech of BAALAM's aſs.

"Lies! lies! lies! lies!" reply'd the furious —:
"'Tis no ſuch thing! no, no, 'tis no ſuch thing!"
Then quick he aim'd, of red-hot anger full,
His nails of vengeance at the LOUSE's ſcull:
But ZEPHYR, anxious for his life, drew near,
And ſudden bore him to a diſtant ſphere;
In triumph rais'd the animal on high,
Where BERENICE's locks adorn the ſky;
But now he wiſh'd him nobler fame to ſhare,
And crawl for ever on BELINDA's hair:

Yet to the Louse was *greater* glory giv'n;
To roll a *planet* on the ſplendid heav'n,
And draw of deep aſtronomers the ken;
The Georgium Sidus of the ſons of men!!!

THE END.